And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an inſtant triall with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo corriuals and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my L. they ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe, yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, ſir Mighel, ſpeed:
For if Lord Percy thriue not, e're the king
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, t'is but wiſedome, to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe to
To other friends, and ſo farewell, ſir Mighel. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtalffe.

King. How bloudily the ſunne begins to peare
Aboue yon buſky hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemprature.
Prin. The Southren wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtring day.
King. Then, with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The trumpet ſounds, Enter Worceſter.

King. How now, my Lord of Worceſter? t'is not wel,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes

As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limmes in vngentle ſteele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred war?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content,
To entertaine the lag end of my life
With quiet houres. For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your maieſtie to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our houſe,
And yet I muſt remember you, my Lord:
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends,
For you my ſtaffe of office did I breake
In Richards time, and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was my ſelfe, my brother and his ſonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdate
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that othe at Dancaſter,
That you did nothing purpoſe gainſt the ſtate,
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaſter:
To this, we ſwore our aid: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind downe fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of greatneſſe fell on you,